20c AUGUST 13, 1951

McCarran's Twice-Told Tale—page 9

New Republic

You wanted controls, didn't you?

1951
COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

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Letters

The Way We Live Now

● How do Americans live these days? Well, most of the families in this industrial town live so comfortably that few of them have gotten excited about Congressional fumbling of inflation controls.

Most of the past year I've been a white-collar worker in the town's big woodworking plant. The unionized production workers at the plant earn $2.15 to $2.70 per hour, and nearly all of them have other part-time jobs, a side business or a working wife. There are several cases of husband and wife working in the plant, with combined incomes well over $7,000 per year. The same situation prevails in the big Studebaker and Bendix plants here. I spend most of my time out in the workrooms and the conversations are about power mowers, new garages and bigger TV screens—not the high cost of steak. A foreman friend of mine earns $4,200 a year, has a working wife, and is now building a summer home on a nearby Michigan lake. A working wife in the filing room has a new DeSoto all her own.

Most of the married male white-collar workers earn $3,200 to $4,800 and likewise have a second source of income. Most of the office girls are married, a few of them with one or two children, who are dropped off at "grandma's" on the way to work. We white-collar workers pretty much follow the same standards and live in the same neighborhoods as the production workers.

The standards call for an automatic washer, flawless lawn, scrubbed cabinet kitchen, late-model car and not too many kids. And they are pretty well lived up to—we hear plenty of remarks about the coming of our third child in three years.

A new couple in the neighborhood (he was discharged from the Navy) are madly trying to go along with this swirl of things, and the young wife tells us she just won't feel right visiting old friends in town until she can afford several new outfits.

Down the street is a fireman who has every other day off, and a second job for his off days. His wife appraises for the township assessor. Across the street is a construction foreman who lays tile in his spare time. In back is a factory worker who owns one-third of a machine shop. Every day we can look out our windows and see a new coat of paint going on a house, a new steel fence going up, a new breezeway being added on, a dishwasher or dryer being carried in.

And from these same people (who fought hard during the bleak 1930s to establish the CIO in the town's plants) we hear violent objections to foreign aid and public housing.

This spirit of attachment to things has begun to worry us. (Our two-year-old child is already becoming unhappy because we don't own a car.) We wonder if this problem of abundance isn't worth worrying about. Maybe this is the real problem of the professors' wives who have written about the "hardships" of living on $4,500 a year.

JAMES V. CUNNINGHAM

South Bend, Ind.

CAB Defended

● As an ex-staff member of the Civil Aeronautics Board, having served with the latter agency for nine years, and who, as a current employee of a non-airline transport agency have no axe to grind either way, I would like an opportunity to refute, in the interest of fair play which I know from your past history you firmly adhere to, some of the statements made by Messrs. Conn and Berkowitz (*NR*, June 4, 11, 18 and 25).

In the first place, Mr. Conn concedes that the Declaration of Policy (Section 2) of the Civil Aeronautics Act is "wholesome," but then proceeds to belabor the CAB for the very actions which were designed to implement this Congressional fiat, apparently because it happens to work against a certain segment of the air industry with whom he manifestly sides. . . .

Mr. Conn also states that in the 13-year history of the CAB, members have come from the industry or have had direct financial and personal relations with it. Relatively few industry people have come in and those who have made a definitely constructive contribution to the agency with their airline experience and background. . . .

Although Mr. Conn cites the case of Don Reynolds, former Enforcement Chief of the CAB who, after putting a non-scheduled competitor of Pan American Airways out of business subsequently went with the latter company as an attorney, no mention is made of the present highly regarded Enforcement Chief, "Judge" Oliver Carter, who as Mr. Berkowitz concedes has a 100-percent record against violators of CAB non-scheduled regulations. Since when is it a sin to have a perfect record?

Mr. Berkowitz cites case after case of non-scheduled operators, including one of his clients, who have been forced "out of business" by CAB prosecution. He tries to leave the impression that here is small business up against the wall and the Board fostering monopoly if not the status quo. This is entirely without merit. . . . Any implication that the Board is fostering monopoly in the airline industry is utterly without foundation. During all the years I was on the staff, and that goes back to almost the beginning and ends just a few months ago, the CAB always took extreme care to protect the smaller carriers, certificated as well as non-certificated.

Washington, D. C. ROBERT R. GOODMAN

Government Salaries

● Do you remember the ad: "Get on Uncle Sam's Payroll"? That was the time a young man could dream of a government career under civil service. Then there was an air of bravado about the service that took as its goal the motto: "The mail must go though." Well, that's all changed now. Today more than 50,000 recent employees are without the benefits of civil service. They are listed as "temporary substitutes." Because of my 15 years' service, I'm able to earn $3,750 a year subject to income tax and retirement deductions. With this I try to budget my income to cover house payments, auto expense and to support my wife and three children. This is living at the bare subsistence level; with continued good health, and with no savings whatever, we barely

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

The Large View

Korean peace feelers were interpreted by the stock market as disturbing. From the broadest viewpoint, however, cessation of bloodshed in Korea would be most gratifying. – *From* Forbes Magazine of Business.

Full Flush of Prosperity

It is not any one segment of the American Way of Life that requires sewer pipe to the exclusion of any other. . . . It is a market that, at its worst, can only temporarily and seemingly be glutted. – *From a pamphlet by S. M. McFall, President, United States Concrete Pipe Co.*

The Shy Douglas

Further sign that General Ridgway's "honeymoon" period is over: He's been criticized for being too "picture conscious" in direct contrast to the withdrawing MacArthur. – *Excerpt from a letter by a foreign correspondent of the Detroit* News.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors

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New Republic

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1951, IN THE U. S. A. BY WESTBURY PUBLICATIONS, INC., PUBLISHING OFFICE 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C. EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER SEPTEMBER 26, 1950, AT THE POST OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 20c; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $6.50; CANADA AND FOREIGN, $7.50. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

ONE RATHER important thing has happened in State Department thinking. It is believed that resentment against Moscow domination has reached a point in satellite countries where it is at last a factor with which to be reckoned. Up until now there has been a lot of dilettantish talk about building up "the resistance movement." Most of this talk has been outside the State Department, not in it. The Department has believed there is a historic cycle in revolutions. First, they have the support of urban workers and the masses, then comes the "terror" and later the slow build-up of disillusionment and sullen popular resentment. Something like that now, at last, seems to be happening in the satellites.

Moscow has purged not merely those liberals and socialists who thought they could get along with Russia, but also native Communist Parties. Tito broke with Russia in 1948 and since then satellite disaffection has grown. A second great Soviet purge is being carried on in the Balkans. In every satellite there have been recent peasant-resistance demonstrations. In some cities, like Stattin, there have been riots. The masses which previously approved or accepted the alien regime are turning against it. Here again the matter cannot be hurried. It may take years. But the Administration's new application of economic pressure against satellite countries is deliberate. The State Department believes for almost the first time that it has practical allies behind the Iron Curtain.

Somebody ought to take pity on the Republican internationalists who are the orphans of the GOP national organization. The Taft forces have left them out in the cold. They look back yearningly to the happy old days under Vandenberg. In the Senate, the Republican rule is held by men like Taft, Wherry and Millikin who want to slash foreign aid. In the House, the minority leader is village-minded Joe Martin and party control is held by men like Charlie Halleck (R, Ind.) and Clarence Brown (R, Ohio). In GOP-GHQ the hatred of Eisenhower is almost as great as that of Truman. GOP internationalists like Lodge, Ives and Dewey are uncomfortable in their own club.

There are two main reasons for this. One is that the GOP leaders cited are naturally old-fashioned, tariff-loving Xenophobes, fearful of foreign "socialism." The second reason is that they want to beat the hated doctrines of the New Deal, symbolized by Truman, without the intrusion of the foreign-affairs issue. For 20 years they believe that they have been "robbed" by this issue. They believe FDR raised foreign crises with diabolical skill. (You will still find people at national GOP headquarters who think Roosevelt engineered Pearl Harbor to win an election.) But now, if only they could arrange a straight-out fight for the Presidency between Taft and Truman, they believe they could finally knock on the head all these social-security developments and domestic reforms of a generation. They hate Europe because it has cost them so many defeats, and they hate Ike because he exemplifies Europe.

It is hard not to believe that Truman is preparing the way for his own candidacy. His row with Senator Douglas (D, Ill.), over the judgeships, looks suspiciously like a bid to the Nash faction of the Democrats in Illinois, as against the Douglas-Jacob Arvey faction. Messrs. Douglas and Arvey supported Ike for the Democratic nomination in 1948 and probably would do so again in 1952, if they could get him. The Nash crowd is solidly pro-Truman. Sometimes it looks as though the very hatred of the Taft and Truman supporters for each other makes them join lovingly in a common front against an outsider.

Sen. Joe McCarthy, who got a good deal of Texas money for his successful

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fight to defeat Tydings in Maryland, is now rumored to be gunning against Tom Connally. The same Fulton Lewis-McCarthy alliance is expected to continue.

If you are in a Washington conversation these days a comment always good for a laugh is the mock proposal to revive dueling. It is a local jest and yet it is the newspaperman's cynically humorous comment on a national matter. Any disscussion of McCarthy's use of Congressional immunity is met with a recommendation for dueling. The point is that processes of law have broken down. It is the cardinal theory of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence that there is no injustice that does not offer a legal remedy. But what if Joe McCarthy ruins your business and your life by proclaiming you a Communist from his Senate foxhole? No libel suit can reach him. You are just ruined, that's all. Of course that is funny, ha, ha, ha, so let us all merrily discuss the merits of the good old days when a couple of horse-pistols kept a curb on Senators' tongues.

Notes: Advocates of the offshore (tidelands) oil bill probably have the votes to pass it in the Senate as they did in the House, but it is doubtful if they will have the two-thirds' majority to pass it over Truman's veto. . . . Some liberals don't want Negro Ralph Bunche made US Ambassador to Moscow; advocates urge it would disarm Soviet charges against US racialism, but opponents argue that US racialism is a fact and that no single gesture of sending an envoy to Russia who was excluded from a Washington hotel is likely to fool people. . . . Local opposition to a Missouri TVA is lessening somewhat as a result of the flood; cost is regarded as slight compared to flood damage, and the need for over-all planning is now realized. . . . It's too early to say how much inflation-impetus the bad new "anti-inflation" Congressional controls act carries; housewives shouldn't complain at higher food prices however if they didn't make themselves heard in the Congressional debate. . . . Decisive factor in Truman defeat on controls was public apathy.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

skim through. In five years, I'll be on the verge of retirement, but when I think of those who have gone before me, seeing their meager retirement becoming smaller by the month, I'm not too happy about the future.

At present there is a pay bill before Congress, but we feel that it will be "too little and too late." As one Congressman put it: "We know that they need about a 30-percent increase to bring their salaries into line, but they shouldn't be given more than 10 with the understanding that they are to hold the 'line of inflation'."

I grow a little weary of the phrase "that it's all for the good of the service."

A POSTAL WORKER

The Undistributed-Profits Tax

● Since there is an apparently irreconcilable conflict between the advocates of government controls to prevent inflation and the "free enterprisers," due in large part to honest differences of opinion, there might be some profit in approaching the problem from a fresh angle.

What we would all like to see, I think, is some plan that would work automatically. It has always seemed to me that the undistributed-profits tax, which was once tried in such a watered-down form as to be wholly ineffective, was in principle one of the best bits of legislation ever enacted. A properly drawn tax would encourage tax-free reserves in certain stipulated categories—including reserves to insure employment stability, dividend stabilization, depreciation and so forth; but it would force all further profits into distribution, with the provision that shareholders might reinvest dividends—where they considered the earning history of the company justified expansion—without any tax penalty.

There is considerable justification for the belief that such a plan would have a most important stabilizing effect upon our economy.

DAVID M. FIGART

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

No Heel-Dragging

● How can the editors of one of the best magazines in the country allow such a statement to appear as T.R.B.'s "In the long run, it might be good for America to have an interval of GOP government, though it would be hard to take at the time"? (*NR*, June 25.) In spite of the demurrer in the same sentence it still seems to me uncalled for. There IS no Republican with any chance of *nomination* in the country today who, if elected, would not blunder us into war. And if THAT happens, my friends, I submit we may have no "long-term" existence to be concerned with. Short-term existence has the highest priority in my book . . . which is why I'm for Truman over any Republican candidate I've heard of, and that includes Inscrutable Ike.

Look . . . let us "liberals" not get caught off base as we were in '48, huh? If it is Truman the Democrats nominate, let's realize we MUST support him, and realize it now. Let's not repeat that heel-dragging act of '48.

Chicago, Ill. PAUL MCGERIGLE

Pampered Pets?

● While I usually agree with your magazine, I wish to disagree emphatically with Saul Carson's column on *Amos 'n' Andy*. I believe that the National Association for Advancement of Colored People is being somewhat shortsighted on this issue, insisting on special treatment for Negroes. I think that it's about time we stopped treating minority groups as pampered pets, unable to stand the slightest irritation to their tender skins. It would be more practical, it seems to me, to advance the Negro in society by treating him the same as anyone else. In that way, he is not singled out for any special attention, either good or bad, and thus can be more easily absorbed into our society. Take a look at some of the better programs now on the radio: *The Goldbergs*, painting Jews in their traditional light; *Life with Reilly*, the saga of a stupid Irisher; and *Life with Luigi*, which treats of an ignorant Italian immigrant. *Amos 'n' Andy*, along with these other shows, is splendid entertainment, and like the others has been accorded top ratings by the critics and public alike. What would you put in their place on television—old movies with long commercials, wrestling, bloody mysteries, jugglers and dancers, or perhaps another Godfrey program? (He has so few!). . . .

Chicago, Ill. DANIEL SIMON

Truman & MacArthur

● A friend of mine gave me a copy of your magazine, dated April 23, 1951, in which you have an article by Harold L. Ickes, "Truman & MacArthur."

Why do you print such drivel? You do not credit your readers with a very high degree of intelligence, but perhaps that is the mental caliber of your readers.

Can you imagine MacArthur stepping into such an ignominious and humiliating position as has Ridgway, into an armed camp which makes it look as if the Allies were humbly crawling and asking for peace at any price?

Laguna Beach, Calif. F. GRAHAM TOLLIT

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VOLUME 125, NUMBER 7, ISSUE 1915, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 13, 1951

New Republic

GUARANTEED: PROFITS AND DEPRIVATIONS

ALONE in his office except for a battery of photographers and newspapermen, President Truman, with no other choice, placed his signature on the amended Defense Production Act just five hours before the midnight, July 31, expiration date.

This measure was the "worst I ever had to sign," the President said.

A major 1952 issue has now been given formal and official sanction. The Administration supporters plus virtually every top-ranking government official pleaded for a stronger controls law. Most Republicans and some of their Southern Democratic collaborators, buttressed by several key House and Senate Administration leaders who bent before the onslaught of vested interest lobbies, are proclaiming it a good and adequate bill.

In a broad sense, the law continues for 11 months most of the provisions of the 1950 Production Act. However, the President has received almost none of the additional powers to control inflation he had requested, and some of his previous powers were severely restricted. So ineffective are the controls on inflation, Truman said, that he would have vetoed the entire bill if that would not have meant the lapse of emergency defense powers relating to production and materials controls as well. A veto had been urged by organized labor.

The American people will feel the impact of this newest victory of the special interest groups deeply. Even those who advocated weaker controls made little attempt to hide this probability. Even Senator Capehart of Indiana, one of the upper chamber's most redoubtable boondogglers, made no attempt to mix any sweet with the bitter. His amendment, which was included in the final bill, guarantees profits at pre-Korean levels and bars nonfarm price rollbacks unless they are based on the highest prices between January 1 and July 24, 1950, and reflect subsequent increases or decreases in costs through July 26 of this year.

Americans will sacrifice for their country. They have always sacrificed when it was necessary in the past. However, to ask our citizens to restrict their diets and to surrender many necessities just to guarantee the already fabulous earnings of powerful corporations — which bluntly and broadly will be the case — is an outrage in the name of defense. "We cannot ask the working people of this country to reduce their standard of living for the higher profits this act provides for business," President Truman said in assailing the measure. Yet that is precisely what the 82nd Congress has done.

A survey taken among national business executives by the *Journal of Commerce* reveals that substantially increased prices for food, automobiles, farm equipment, machinery, machine tools and oil can be anticipated almost immediately under the new Act. The very first day after the President signed the bill, the Chrysler Corporation announced that it would seek a 9.5-percent increase in prices for its products. A 10-percent average increase is likely to occur in the next few months, government economists fear. Judging from current newspaper reports many companies are now hastily preparing their requests so that they too may get their "take."

On the question of beef rollbacks and slaughter quotas the issue of fairness was not at stake. Both the Office of Price Stabilization and the Department of Agriculture estimated that even after the last of three contemplated rollbacks, beef prices would have been 20 percent above parity—and parity had been revised upward as late as January, 1950. In addition, the increase in prices enjoyed by cattlemen would still have been double the increase in their costs during the last 18 months.

The opposition to beef-price rollbacks represented avarice in its most uncompromising form. This one Administration defeat by itself is capable of cracking the whole economy of the country wide open.

"We should never forget," President Truman said as he signed the measure, "that more than half the families in this country had no increases in income during 1950; some of them actually had their incomes reduced last year. To all these people inflation is not a theoretical problem for the future, but a real problem and a terrible deprivation right now."

This is the kind of human, clean-cut issue the President has shown a liking for before. If it remains pre-eminent through 1952, it should be a strong incentive toward his being a candidate.

Truman will want to tell the people his side of this story. By 1952, they may be ready to hear.

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THE FREE WORLD IS INDIVISIBLE

CONGRESS is now considering the Administration's request for money for foreign aid during the coming year. The amount asked is about $8.5 billion, of which $2.2 billion would be for non-military purposes and the remainder for arms. The total mentioned is intended to be the first of three annual appropriations of about the same amount. While these figures would have seemed overwhelmingly large a few years ago, they no longer do so. They are only a small proportion of what we are planning to spend at home for the same purpose—meeting the worldwide Communists threat. They are truly insignificant compared with the cost of a third world war, which they may help to prevent.

An astonishing incident marked an early session of the Senate Foreign Relations and the Armed Services Committees, holding joint hearings on the plan. Of the $2.2 billion proposed for economic aid in the coming year, about 17 percent, or $375 million, has been earmarked for aid to Southeast Asia, and to this Sen. Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, took violent exception. He insisted that the Economic Co-operation Administration was intended to spend its money only in Europe. The statement is not true, and if it were, it would represent monumental folly. The threat of Communism is worldwide; if anything, it is more severe among Asia's half-starved millions than it is in Europe.

We are already paying dearly for having let China go to Communism by default, when economic aid that really got to the people might have saved her; if Stalin were to get control of the rest of Asia and the adjacent islands, he would have advantages so enormous that they might turn the scale permanently in his favor. If peace comes in Korea, the Communist pressure on the rest of the Asiatic world will be increased. Competent testimony assures us that the aid now going to the democratic Asiatic countries, mainly through ECA, is proving a tremendously valuable counterstroke on our side.

Senator Connally's attitude makes no sense from any point of view—except perhaps that of the Communists. He ought to know that if you lock the front door and leave the back door open, you can lose the whole house. If recent years have taught us anything at all, it is that the free world must be indivisible—if it is to survive.

THE WEEK

ARIZONA PROGRESS

PHOENIX, ARIZ. (NR corresp.)

Arizona has been a semi-Jim Crow state practically since it first became a state. Expatriate Southerners were prominent among its early-day pioneers and law-makers. They were prominent also among the latter-day settlers who were migrating West in search of a new life or a cure for their arthritis.

Segregation is still the accepted mode in public accommodations and housing. But in education—the segregationists' first line of defense—Jim Crow is yielding before the insistent pressure of liberal elements championing racial equality of opportunity.

Jim Crow in the Arizona schools had a mixed complexion. Most communities educated their whites and Negroes separately. But a few, in the absence of local agitation to segregate, chose not to, chiefly because it was cheaper that way. In so doing, they simply disregarded a law making segregation mandatory.

Segregation was not even an issue until two years ago. In 1949, with the argument that if integration worked in some areas of the state, it would work in all of them, anti-segregationists introduced a bill in the legislature to outlaw Jim Crow in the schools. The bill died in committee. Another bill was defeated last November.

The anti-segregationists were licked. Or at least everybody thought so, including the anti-segregationists. Early this year, nevertheless, they tossed another bill into the legislature—"just for purposes of the record"—as one of them dejectedly explained.

Then things began to happen.

First, the bill was amended, by compromise, to make desegregation permissive instead of obligatory. Then, it passed the House, largely because of the presence in that body of two Negro Representatives—the first in Arizona's history.

Over in the Senate, the bill got hung up in committee. The Arizona Council for Unity lobbyists went to work to jar it loose. They surprisingly lined up support from the big corporations (copper, railroads, utilities) which saw segregation as meaning lower taxes, and lower taxes would mean smaller bites out of their own treasuries.

The word filtered among the pliant Senators that the "companies" wanted the bill. It came bouncing out of committee and passed. There was not a dissenting vote.

Within a matter of days, the school board of Tucson — Arizona's second

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largest city — voted to integrate its schools. The integration will go into effect this fall. It was a positive action taken in the face of strident remonstrances from local bigots. "We could have waited another five years, I suppose," one school official remarked. "But we'd have had the same squawks five years from now, so why not do it now"?

Several smaller cities followed suit. But now a hitch developed. The sister copper towns of Miami and Globe, in abolishing their segregated schools, also fired their Negro teachers. It was a pitiable dilemma. But the courts resolved it. The dismissed teachers of Miami and Globe filed a test suit to get their jobs back and, with the help of the Arizona Education Association, won their case.

Phoenix, a bit more chary toward new-fangled notions about racial democracy, still is holding fast to segregation. But the pressures against it are mounting.

FARM-LABOR COALITION

If a surprisingly cohesive farmer-labor coalition has its way, Oklahoma is due for another spree of intensive political action such as it hasn't seen since 1922-23 when a similar bloc captured the Democratic Party Convention, rammed an 18-point platform down its throat, and elected "Our Jack" Walton Governor of the Sooner State.

Calling itself the Farmer-Labor Legislative Council, the group is backed by members and officers of the Oklahoma Farmers Union, the CIO, the AFL and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

The council, heralded by several days of publicity in the conservative Oklahoma *Daily Oklahoman* and the Tulsa *Tribune*, was born July 22 at Oklahoma City amid florid oratory and strong determination not to let the organization disintegrate into some politician's private vehicle. The group—composed of farm and Labor leaders—whooped it up for a graduated land tax, a rural co-operative-telephone enabling act, an adequate workmen's-compensation law, public-housing projects, more rural grade schools, and a law to prevent the tax-free transportation of natural gas out of Oklahoma. The state's half-baked, catch-all loyalty oath was ignored.

Polite but spirited opposition to Oklahoma's new Governor, Johnston Murray, son of William H. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, served as a unifying factor for the two groups. Elected on a "just-plain-folks" ticket, Murray has vetoed such plain-folks legislation as an enabling act for rural telephone co-operatives and a fistful of workmen's-compensation bills.

Many of the old-timers who attended the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League's first meeting in Shawnee almost 30 years ago were again on hand for the birth of the new farmer-labor coalition. The old league, patterned after North Dakota's Non-Partisan League, rolled up a smashing victory in the 1923 gubernatorial election. Its selection of a candidate was, however, pitifully poor. "Our Jack" Walton, as the late Oscar Ameringer sadly notes in his autobiography, sold out the league. He also, Ameringer recalls, sold a few pardons to help meet expenses. "Our Jack" was subsequently impeached. But neither Walton's betrayal nor his curious relationship with the Ku Klux Klan have dimmed the grandeur of that year when farmers and workers thought that the millenium had come and progressives were at last on top.

The success of the new farmer-labor group will probably depend on how far it can steer away from Oklahoma's oil-laden partisan politics. In any event the liberal dream of a farmer-labor political alliance seems closer to reality in Oklahoma than it has for almost 30 years.

THE WAY WE LIVE

On June 29 Rep. Ed Gossett of the 13th Congressional District of Texas notified Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn and the Governor of his state that he would resign his seat effective July 31 because inflation had so eaten into his $15,000-a-year salary that he could no longer adequately support his wife and five children. He announced that he would assume the position of general counsel of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company at a reported salary of $25,000 a year plus expenses.

Between June 29 and July 31, his last day in the House, Representative Gossett did his bit in the cause of the inflation which had so crippled his income. On 13 major rollcall votes on the Defense Production Act taken during that period, Representative Gossett is recorded as having voted for weaker inflationary controls 12 times and as being absent on the thirteenth vote.

Lamentably the number of $25,000-a-year jobs which Southwestern Bell has to offer the people of Texas is limited.

LATTIMORE ON TRIAL AGAIN

Sixteen months ago a Senate subcommittee, headed by Maryland's ex-Senator Millard Tydings, announced, after long investigation, that Sen. Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin tried to pull a "fraud and a hoax on the Senate and the American people" when he publicly charged that Dr. Owen Lattimore is or was a Communist.

Up and down the land, McCarthy brayed that the investigation had been unfair, biased. Now, as a major phase in what purports to be an inquiry on the Institute of Pacific Relations (discussed further in the article by William V. Shannon on page 9), the Lattimore loyalty horse is being flogged again. This time, however, McCarthy can make no complaints of bias.

Here are a few examples of the "fairness" with which the present show is being run by the McCarran Subcommittee on Internal Security:

1. The big opening salvo of the public hearings was a letter written in 1938 by Lattimore to E. C. Carter, former secretary-general of the IPR. Viewed out of its context, its most striking sentence (which sparked the biggest scare-headlines) could be interpreted as advice to support the Chinese Communist policies on Japan but to avoid the appearance of subservience to the Kremlin.

Only a few days before this letter was sprung, with great éclat, in public hearing, Dr. Lattimore testified before the subcommittee for six hours in executive session. The letter was not even mentioned to him. He, its author, was not asked to explain it, or given an opportunity to describe its context.

Instead, the document was dramatically made public and its recipient, Dr. Carter, was asked to explain, from

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memory, a missive received in 1938.

2. Though not a member of the committee, McCarthy is obviously influencing its procedures. He sits smugly at the committee table, by express invitation of Chairman McCarran, briefcase bulging and aides hovering, passing frequent prompting notes to legislators.

3. Much of the questioning and the evidence is based on the contents of 75 cases of documents which were seized by the subcommittee—with doubtful legality—in a spectacular raid on a barn in Lee, Mass., one snowy night last February. The material was brought back to Washington under armed guard, for further study. But the unpublicized fact is that last autumn, long before the night raid, the IPR had voluntarily opened these back files to the FBI, which had sent a team of experts up to Lee to comb them thoroughly. IPR officers have not seen this material since February, though they are supposed to answer questions on it, ranging over two decades, in public hearing daily.

4. As a member of its investigating staff, this "impartial" Judiciary subcommittee has employed Miss Freda Utley, a former Communist who spent some time in Russia and Japan before the war, and whose book *The China Story* is not remarkable for its impartiality on the IPR. She testified bitterly against Mr. Lattimore at the Tydings committee hearings.

5. The committee candidly announced on its first day of public hearings that it would have to depend largely on the testimony of ex-Communists.

Fairness à la McCarthy, it seems, adds up to a smokescreen that only a few clear thinkers will penetrate.

MARYLAND'S FOLLY

The report of the Senate Elections Subcommittee investigating the victorious campaign of Sen. John M. Butler against former Sen. Millard Tydings in Maryland last year charges managers of the Butler campaign with illegal and irregular conduct but takes no action other than to "vigorously denounce such acts." The report, signed by all of the subcommittee's three Democrats and two Republicans, alleges that Butler campaign personnel violated federal and state laws in four instances, refers a fifth charge to the Justice Department for study and possible action and takes note of the sentencing of Jon M. Jonkel, for violation of Maryland election laws.

The subcommittee, operating under the Senate's constitutional right to judge the qualifications of its members, investigated the whole sordid story of the campaign, including the unsavory roles played in it by Sen. Joseph McCarthy (R, Wis.) and Mrs. Ruth McCormick Miller, former editor of the Washington, D.C., *Times-Herald*. In the end, the subcommittee felt that it had not found sufficient evidence to, in the words of the report, "recommend the unseating of Senator Butler."

The five investigating Senators justified their position on two counts. Aside from the provisions of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, they stated, there are presently no legal standards of improper campaign conduct, and it was their opinion that it would be grossly unjust to Butler to formulate those standards now and unseat him via *de facto* rules.

None of the following acts were judged to make Senator Butler unfit to remain in the Senate: the indictment and sentencing of campaign manager Jonkel for violation of state election laws; the improper accounting for campaign contributions and expenditures to Maryland authorities and the Secretary of the Senate in violation of state laws and the Federal Corrupt Practices Act; the expenditure of more than $75,000, far in excess of the $14,166.96 limit set for a Senatorial race in Maryland by the Corrupt Practices Act; the printing of "misleading half-truths, misrepresentations and false innuendos that maliciously and without foundation attacked the loyalty not only of former Sen. Millard Tydings . . . but also of the entire Armed Services Committee of 1950."

The methods used in the Butler campaign are a threat to our system of free elections that could undermine the foundations of our government, the committee investigating Maryland's last election declared. It has chosen, however, to leave the man responsible for that perversion of the election process free from any action for removal.

Outside America

THE CAPRICORN PLAN

The return of Kwame Nkrumah to the Gold Coast after his visit to the United States and England was, the London *Times* says, "marked by scenes of great enthusiasm." That was not surprising. The leader of the People's Convention Party of the British West African colony is undoubtedly one of the most popular as well as most able political personalities ever produced by the African peoples. Thanks in no small part to his leadership, the people of the colony—soon to be renamed Ghana instead of Gold Coast—are moving toward real self-government within the British Commonwealth.

Nkrumah told his countrymen that "the whole black world is looking on the Gold Coast as a symbol of freedom." The London *Observer* agrees. It writes:

> Africa today is living out the story of the class struggle that occurred throughout Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but intensified by melodramatic differences in physical appearance and a wide gulf in technical attainments. There are two poles of attraction. On the Atlantic Coast and north of the Equator there are the populous all-African colonies of Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Here the Africans are attaining their ambition of self-government within the Commonwealth; and it will be the voices of the West African leaders that will be heeded by Africans elsewhere. Far to the South, there is the Union of South Africa, where Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party practises its doctrine of "White Supremacy": this provides a pole of attraction for other European settlers who fear the progress of the Africans.

There are in America strong currents of opinion favoring such progress: Nkrumah brought back to Accra with him the news that 16 scholarships have been awarded to the Gold Coast by American universities. But he also brought back news that Americans—not necessarily opposed to African progress

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McCARRAN'S TWICE-TOLD TALE

by William V. Shannon

HIS NAME? "Frederick V. Field."

His occupation? "Prisoner."

The prisoner, or rather the witness, having been duly sworn, the interrogation began.

Frederick Vanderbilt Field, the Commodore's millionaire great-great-grandson, alias "Comrade Frederick Spencer," the Far Eastern authority of the American Communist Party, was the first star witness in Sen. Pat McCarran's public hearings on the country's "internal security," which began in Washington, July 25-26.

Field, with lean face, shell-rim glasses, and receding brown hair, looked remarkably like an older brother of the new King Baudoin of Belgium. He was dapper in a light grey suit, white shirt with soft collar, and contrasting dark-blue tie.

The witness had not slept well. There were hollows beneath the high cheekbones. Temporarily released from his 90-day sentence in a New York prison for failing to tell a federal judge the source of the bail funds he had put up for four of the missing Communist leaders, Field had spent the preceding night in Washington district jail.

The committee counsel and the witness re-established some already well-established facts. Field had been a student at Harvard in the 1920s. In the early thirties he wrote two scholarly books on the Far East. Later, he became an active official of the Institute of Pacific Relations, the leading independent research organization in the field of Far Eastern affairs. From 1937-43, he was half-owner and chairman of the executive board of *Amerasia,* a magazine of small circulation which often followed the Communist Party line. In the fall of 1950, he was registered as the American agent of four financial institutions, largely owned by the Communist Government of China. He had resigned when "certain international developments" (meaning the Chinese intervention in Korea) made it "personally undesirable for me to carry on."

On grounds of possible self-incrimination, Field invoked the privilege of the First Amendment and refused to confirm a few other equally well-known facts such as that he wrote 37 articles for the Stalinist organ, *New Masses,* and in 1939-41 was executive secretary of the Party's front group, the American Peace Mobilization.

The committee was gentle with Field.

Except for a few words of general advice from McCarran, the committee members made no attempt to force Field to testify on anything he chose to be reticent about for legal reasons. The counsel remained calm and courteous. The only exception to the prevailing grave and judicious atmosphere was a brief interlude when Sen. Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.) took over the questioning and put on that raised-eyebrows, loud-voiced caricature of the indignant prosecutor which apparently won him his hot-shot reputation in the bush leagues. Ferguson developed the point that Owen Lattimore and other personal friends had intervened in Washington when some agency outside the Army had overruled the granting of a commission in Army Intelligence to Field in 1942. Field smiled with something like bewilderment as Ferguson fervently "made a point" which Field had willingly conceded in substance a half-hour earlier.

The cross-examination of the "millionaire Communist" was barren of results. No facts were brought out that had not been more or less public knowledge for at least five years. Yet the committee seemed entirely satisfied at Field's performance. Sen. James O. Eastland, Mississippi Democrat and a member of the committee, gave the tipoff on the reason for this complacency. Eastland, a corpulent, testy, red-faced old man dressed in the vanilla-ice-cream-colored suit favored by Southerners in the Capital and carrying a stout cane because of slight lameness, asked Field: "Name me some of the people you used to visit in the Far Eastern division of the State Department."

Field recalled that he often talked with Nelson Johnson, head of the Far Eastern division, and his predecessor, the late Stanley Hornbeck, both extremely respectable gentlemen, neither of whom was ever attacked even by McCarthy. Hornbeck, in fact, was dean of one of the most conservative career cliques in the State Department and is often referred to by the McCarthyites as "one of the good men." Obviously, these names were not satisfactory to the Senator. "Come on, name me some others," Eastland growled, much in the manner of a parent half-coaxing, half-rebuking a wayward child.

"I am extremely tired and am not recalling names very rapidly," Field pleaded. "Yes, but you said you made a great many visits to the State Department during those years. Now tell us some of the people you saw," Eastland snapped. But it was no use. Field, after further floundering about, was excused from trying to recall any more names.

This exchange between Eastland and Field pointed up the fact that McCarran was using Field's testimony as a

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pawn in the opening gambit of the complicated political chess game he is planning. In chess, a player's first move is often to sacrifice a pawn for the sake of gaining some advantage in position. McCarran had no particular desire to squeeze any new facts about Communism in this country from Field. It served his purpose merely to get on the record the pattern of Field's past activities and associations.

In this way, when liberals and other "un-co-operative" witnesses appear before the committee, McCarran will be able to catch them with such questions as: Isn't that the organization Frederick Vanderbilt Field was a member of? or, Isn't that the magazine Field wrote for? or, Isn't that the same letterhead Field's name was on? By using the genuine dark red of Field's past and present record, McCarran hopes to be able to color other men's records at least a dirty pink. Senator Eastland's only mistake was in pushing the technique a little further than was profitable, or necessary.

McCarran, however, revealed a more grandiose ambition later while talking to reporters. "No, we won't cite him for contempt," McCarran said. "He answered some questions which we thought he would claim his privilege on. We got more information than we had anticipated."

"But I had hoped he would accept my advice and really tell us everything," McCarran remarked with as much wistfulness as those dull eyes and that impassive face with the great sagging jowls are capable of displaying.

In this last comment, McCarran showed that he had not understood the nature of the man he was dealing with. All the information that has come to light from former friends and associates concerning Field make it clear that he is totally and profoundly committed not only to Communism as a philosophy but, more important, to the Communist Party as a way of life. For nearly 20 years, the frustrated, unhappy "rich man's son" has been a much-praised pseudo-scholar and organizational leader in the underground world of the Party. Psychologically, he is not prepared to play the role of Whittaker Chambers to McCarran's Rep. R. M. Nixon. Detached from the hard center of Party discipline, Field's personality might well disintegrate. As he took the train that afternoon back to New York and to prison, Field was probably most in need of a psychiatrist.He was beyond any help that the questions and advice of McCarran and Eastland might give him.

McCarran organized his current investigating group last February as a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which the ancient Nevada Democrat is also chairman. His colleagues beside Eastland are O'Conor of Maryland, Smith of North Carolina, Jenner of Indiana, Ferguson of Michigan and Wiley of Wisconsin. The first three are nominally Democrats and the last three Republicans. Obviously, the committee, if not the country, is in safe hands.

For six months, McCarran swore his staff and his colleagues to silence. Nothing should be revealed of the committee's activities until the investigations and the executive hearings were complete, and the newspapers were free of headlines from competing investigations. The MacArthur and RFC hearings at long last having faded away, McCarran opened his public hearings on July 25. The handling of press relations was excellent. Every document introduced into the record by the counsel was immediately distributed in mimeograph form to the reporters, an unusual courtesy. The first round of testimony, lasting two days, produced no news, but McCarran's sagacious sense of timing was duly rewarded with a full house in attendance and a front-page story in the next day's New York *Times*.

The purpose of the McCarran hearings is to conduct a thorough autopsy on the Institute of Pacific Relations for the period 1938-48 to show that it influenced American policy in Asia along pro-Communist lines. By such an inquiry McCarran and his Republican and Dixiecrat colleagues hope to place the blame for the loss of China on the Roosevelt-Truman Administrations instead of on Chiang Kai-shek where it belongs. What the Tydings committee, on McCarthy's charges last year, and the Russell committee, on MacArthur's charges this year, refused to do, McCarran hopes to accomplish. As a token of faith in his new ally, Senator McCarthy attended the hearings both days as a guest of the committee.

The other witness during the first week was Edward C. Carter, retired secretary-general of the Institute of Pacific Relations, whose two appearances were sandwiched around that of Field. Carter is a tall, erect, 73-year-old man with white hair, shaggy white eyebrows and a strong face looking as if it were chiseled from granite. He has devoted his life to the YMCA, the IPR and various other organizations to promote international goodwill and understanding.

The committee was far rougher on Carter than it had been on Field. The committee members sat like judges of a man who had been prejudged guilty before he spoke a word. The purpose of the interrogation was not to elicit information. The committee was already in possession of IPR files and knew all the facts Carter could disclose. The purpose was to trap him into some contradiction in the same way that Hiss and Remington had been tripped up so that he might be punished for perjury. It is too early to make a final judgment on the exact role of the IPR. Carter, however, certainly

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did not act like a man with a guilty conscience. Bluff, candid and colloquial in speech, he was entirely self-confident. Neither McCarran nor Robert Morris, the blustery committee counsel, could hurry or rattle him. The result was an indecisive standoff.

McCarran's big show is just getting started. So far it is nothing more than the re-telling of a twice-told tale. Whether Hede Massing, Freda Utley, Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz and the other professional ex-Communists who are tentatively scheduled as witnesses will add anything more to the story than is already known is doubtful.

Although McCarran is likely to turn up some good headlines, it is unlikely that the full truth will also turn up.

MR. BABBITT TAKES A CRUISE

by Bruce Bliven

THE STEAMERS are named, in grandiose style, the *Atlantic* and the *Pacific*; but make no mistake about it: they were built for cruising on the Great Lakes, and nowhere else. No freight, not even automobiles; 300 cabins for 600 passengers, and it would help if they were midgets. The general style is that of the old Mississippi River boats and well adapted to the purpose, too. Round and round these ships go, Buffalo to Duluth or Chicago and return, on a seven-day trip, a big sea voyage all on fresh water.

Oddly enough—or perhaps it is not so odd—most of the passengers are Middle Westerners, to whom you would think the Great Lakes would be an old story; our roster leans heavily on Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, St. Paul. Naturally, 600 Middle Westerners locked up for a week where they can't escape offer an irresistible opportunity to the amateur sociologist like me, fond of taking polls.

Mr. Babbitt in Command. Our ship is a microcosm of American society, old and young, male and female. We have tired old Mama and Papa, patient and ruminant, taking the cruise which The Children very likely suggested, and quite possibly paid for. We have a battery of solid, rather gloomy middle-aged female school teachers, who have lived so long in the classroom under the scrutiny of 80 sharp and cynical young eyes that they hardly dare draw a natural breath. We have lonely, gray-haired widows, petulant with the lack of the masculine attention which one feels they perhaps didn't appreciate when they had it.

Dominating the whole scene, however, and regardless of his numerical minority, is Mr. Babbitt, the Middle-Western businessman, with the hearty loud laugh, the instantaneous handshake, the supreme self-confidence that have been causing Europeans to marvel ever since the days of Henry James. If you are thinking that Mr. Babbitt has been at all abashed by Sinclair Lewis' portrait of him—or by anything else—you simply do not know the breed. He has certainly heard of Sinclair Lewis; he may even have read the book; but any suggestion that there is anything wrong with him, or his part of the country, or his way of life, would seem too absurd to be worth discussion.

What does Mr. Babbitt think about things, in July, 1951? Even on vacation, he is willing to talk when prodded; and this, I think, is a fair summary of his views.

On war: He thinks there is better than an even chance that we shall have peace in Korea, chiefly because of the terrible pounding the Chinese Communists have taken. He fears that Washington will not make its demands stiff enough and thinks probably we agreed too soon to bargain. He fully expects we shall have to fight an all-out war with Russia within the next few years. He has no doubt we shall win in the end, and because of the high quality of our fighting men, our scientific ability, and the miracles in production of which we are capable.

On inflation: Mr. Babbitt is a beneficiary of inflation, not a victim. His business can put up its prices in a bull market—and his salary as well. Nevertheless he is in theory against inflation, which he feels is somehow the result of government extravagance. He is perfectly certain the dollar will not go much lower. (A few years ago he was equally certain it would never go down by 45 percent.)

On depression: We are never going to have another. This is not because of anything the government has done: expectation of depression is simply incompatible with Mr. Babbitt's optimism—and always has been.

On politics: It would of course be dangerous to base any firm conclusion about national politics on shipboard discussion. The same thing that ruined the *Literary Digest* in 1936 and Dr. Gallup in 1948 is still true: in middle-class circles, Democrats are usually afraid to admit their allegiance. The talk is all Republican, with Eisenhower the favorite candidate for President, Taft next, and nobody else even mentioned. A Republican victory is taken for granted.

By the shipboard impression, President Truman would seem to be well below the Democratic Party in popularity, perhaps even below the 25 percent of the popular vote the Gallup Poll gave him the other day. The things

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you hear mentioned are General Vaughan, deep freezers and mink coats. You never hear a word about the scandals of the preparedness program, amortization write-offs, RFC loans; these things perhaps come a little too close home.

Mr. Babbitt is sure that the government is full of Socialists; that they are ruining the country; and that, nevertheless, this is the best place in the world, is getting better, and has the future by the tail. You would waste your time if you tried to point out to him that some of these ideas contradict each other.

Talking to people on shipboard, including Mr. Babbitt, reminds you again how much the average American's intelligence exceeds his information. People who give every evidence of having good minds and sound judgment turn out to know little in detail about any of the 10 most pressing problems of the day. Try to go at all beneath the surface and they cave in completely.

Not Mr. Babbitt at All. A certain proportion of the men and women on board, indistinguishable at first glance from Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, turn out on closer inspection to be something else: skilled factory workers on vacation, exactly like any other member of that middle class to which, spiritually, they mostly belong. At a rough guess they constitute at least a third of the passenger list.

They are evidence of the revolution that has taken place in America in the past 20 years which, like all the most important revolutions, is proving invisible until it is about over. It isn't only that even with the inroads of inflation, wages for many skilled factory workers are large enough to permit them a reasonably expensive vacation. Far more important is the psychological reassurance the trade-union movement has brought, which makes people who work with their hands feel quite properly and completely at ease in all sorts of places where once this would not have been true.

They Make Funny Hats. The standard thing for Europeans to say about Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt is that they are without any appreciation of the arts; that they neither create nor enjoy the best in literature, music, painting, sculpture, architecture. I have no cruise-evidence that this general accusation is true or false, though obviously, it is too sweeping to be wholly correct; but I can offer one piece of rebuttal: Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt can improvise marvelous hats.

Our cruise, like nearly all cruises and many summer hotels, has organized play for grownups. We apply ourselves to bingo, and gamble on "horse racing." We have nightly entertainment in the Grand Salon. We engage in treasure hunts. We sing in chorus songs during which at a specified point you turn and shake hands with a stranger.

On one evening of the cruise the entertainment consists of a parade featuring fancy hats constructed on shipboard, hats in most cases improvised out of bathroom accessories or junk from suitcases. The results are sensational. Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, alone or in cooperation, show an astonishing ingenuity and flair for color, line and motif. Who knows but that 500 years from now big books, full of footnotes, will be written about the Funny Hat Geniuses of the 20th Century?

The Parade of the Ore Boats. The most impressive sight on the Great Lakes is the steady stream of boats (they are never called ships) coming down from the north, gravid with iron ore, and going back, riding high and empty. The Detroit River, I am told, handles by far the largest amount of water traffic in the whole world.

An ore boat is a squat, unlovely thing, pulled out lengthwise like a stretched piece of taffy; the bridge forward and the superstructure aft are not even within hailing distance. But do not take them lightly; in some ways they are an awesome spectacle. The Mesabi is still our principal iron-ore supply; steel is the heart of our armament program; on that program depends the whole future of the world. The ore boat deserves a respectful salute as she passes you inches away in the narrow channel, with a lounging deckhand in dirty dungarees sitting on one of 20 hatches amidships and whistling *Come on-a My House.*

Those Canadian Socialists. The cruise ship lies over in Buffalo long enough for everyone to go and see Niagara Falls; and the way to do it is to take the all-day sightseeing bus (lunch extra).

The bus crosses at Buffalo to the Canadian side and then goes 20 miles down a boulevard on the left bank of the Niagara River along a handsome waterfront park, with not a scrap of commercial installation, not so much as a billboard. Across the river in plain view is the same 20 miles on the American side, one of the world's greatest collections of continuous factory installations, laced with garbage dumps and chemical plants whose stink reaches, with a favoring wind, clear to Canada.

Now and then the bus passes one of the plants of the Ontario Hydroelectric Power Commission; and the driver, if he is a Canadian, takes some pleasure in quoting aloud the household rate for electricity on that side of the river, only a small fraction of what it is over in the home of private enterprise. At this point Mr. Babbitt, jouncing mute and purple on the back seat of the bus, is a heart-wringing sight. He knows there must be some answer; but he just can't think what it is.

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Joe College, Class of '54. Every job on board ship that does not require long and special training is filled by a college student, male or female, working in the summer to earn next fall's expenses. On seven days' acquaintance they seem a fine lot of youngsters, superior to most of their elders who paid to get aboard. They seem neither depressed by the world into which they will soon emerge, or too cocky about what they intend to do.

Mostly, Mr. Babbitt behaves himself; but in any group of 600 people there is the inevitable small minority who do not. College students are supposed to be Learning about Life; one wonders just what these nice youngsters are finding out from the occasional roaring extrovert who makes obscene jokes about the President of the United States; from the drunk who paws every woman he can reach; from the inevitable contingent of people who get into the wrong stateroom and stay there, or try to.

Or do I just need to brush up on my Kinsey?

AN END TO VENGEANCE

by Thomas R. Phillips

THE Japanese Peace Treaty, which is to be signed at San Francisco on September 4, marks an end to vengeance. It is the first time since 1870 that the victors in a great and bitter war have not, in the name of peace, imposed terms and humiliations that bred new wars.

As early as 1947, the United States proposed a conference of the powers represented on the Far Eastern Commission to discuss a peace treaty with Japan. The Soviet Union blocked this proposal by insisting that the four major powers should make the treaty. This scheme would have subjected the negotiations to the veto of any one of those powers and have virtually excluded the nine other members of the Far Eastern Commission from participation.

After a long period of diplomatic conversations, John Foster Dulles was appointed, January 11, 1951, as special representative of President Truman, with the rank of ambassador, to conduct negotiations to bring the Japanese peace settlement to a conclusion.

Ambassador Dulles had a number of major problems to solve to obtain agreement to a treaty. They were: (a) to find a way around Soviet obstructionism; (b) to obtain Japanese collaboration in the security of the Western Pacific; (c) to permit the development of a viable Japanese economy; (d) to limit reparations, which would be a charge against the United States in any event; and (e) to retain the friendship of the Japanese people and ally them with the West.

Mr. Dulles immediately left for the Far East where he discussed the proposed treaty with the Occupation and Japanese authorities and with six other of the countries concerned. His assistant, John Allison, visited two more countries. By the end of March, the United States had completed a draft of a treaty and had furnished copies to the 15 other nations concerned. The Soviet Union refused to resume discussions on the Japanese pact.

The treaty is unique in that it was evolved by diplomatic discussions rather than in a general conference. This procedure solved one of Mr. Dulles' major problems, since it gave the Soviet Union no opportunity to pursue her usual tactic of delay and objection. It also gave Mr. Dulles an opportunity to overcome the objections of many nations to the American ideas of reconciliation and restoration of Japan as a sovereign state.

Achieving security in the Pacific, with the help of Japan, was a difficult problem. It meant the rearmament of Japan, and this was certain to meet violent objections from Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines. The objections of Australia and New Zealand were overcome by the simultaneous writing of a tripartite security pact among Australia, New Zealand and the United States in which "each party recognizes that an armed attack in the Pacific area would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional principles." The Philippines were already protected by their existing relationship with the United States.

The Japanese economy had been practically destroyed by the American blockade and bombing. Furthermore, its principal source of raw materials and an important segment of its trade was with Manchuria and China. These are now denied to Japan, and raw materials, especially coal and iron ore, must be imported from distant points. If Japan were to exist, it was essential that no commercial disabilities be imposed on the country. The Philippines, the British Commonwealth and France all demanded protection against Japanese commercial competition, especially in shipping and textiles. They had had long experience with subsidized and often illegitimate commercial competition. It is to the credit of British and French statesmanship and a tribute to the persuasive powers of Mr. Dulles that these objections were with-

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drawn and Great Britain and France agreed to the removal of all restrictions on Japanese trade.

Reparations were a thorny problem, particularly with the Philippines and Hong Kong, which had suffered severely from the Japanese invasion. The Philippine Republic is outraged by the fact that the treaty fails to recognize its claim to reparation. It had demanded $8,079,624,000. President Elpidio Quirino expressed his indignation, saying: "It passes understanding for its insensibility to the justice of our claims as a victim of wanton aggression." Dulles' effigy was burned in a protest rally of the Liberal Youth League. The Filipinos may not realize, or care, that any reparations from Japan would ultimately be paid by the United States.

All of these provisions reassured the Japanese as to Western friendship and the possibility of the restoration of the Japanese economy. Had not commercial restrictions been removed, Japan would have been forced, against her present will, to turn to China and the Soviet Union for raw materials and trade.

The principal provisions of the treaty (a) deprive Japan of all the territory she conquered during the past 50 years and of the Ryukyu and Bonin Islands, which are placed under a United Nations trusteeship to be administered by the US; (b) recognize that Japan as a sovereign nation has the right of individual and collective self-defense; (c) give Japan full freedom in international trade; (d) provide that Japanese assets in neutral countries will be used by the International Red Cross to compensate prisoners of war; (e) make limited provisions for reparations by making available the skills and industry of the Japanese people in manufacturing, salvage and other services. But raw materials must be supplied by the power in question; (f) require the withdrawal of occupation forces within 90 days, but provide that foreign armed forces may be stationed in Japan under bilateral or multilateral agreements between the Allied Powers and Japan.

The treaty comes into effect when it has been ratified by a majority of the 14 powers, except China, which have major interests in the Western Pacific. These are Australia, Burma, Canada, Ceylon, France, India, Indonesia, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, the United Kingdom, the USSR and the United States. If it is not ratified by a majority of these powers within nine months after the deposit of Japan's ratification, any state which has ratified it may bring the treaty into force between Japan and itself by notifying Japan and the US within three years.

The Allied Powers which are invited to the conference to sign the treaty are defined as those powers which were at war with Japan. The problem of which Chinese government should sign the treaty has been evaded in the interest of allied harmony. Article 26 of the treaty provides, however, that Japan is obligated to conclude a treaty with the same or substantially the same provisions with any state which is at war with Japan which so desires. This obligation expires in three years. This provision gives Japan the power to negotiate a treaty with either Nationalist or Communist China.

The Soviet Union presented her expected objections, and these were answered with notable forthrightness by the United States. To Soviet objections to the procedure used in making the treaty, the United States replied that she did not agree to refer the matter to the Council of Foreign Ministers for the reason, among others, "that the systematic misuse in the Council of the veto power" would prevent an early conclusion of a treaty. With reference to inclusion of the People's Republic of China in the negotiations, the Soviet was informed that "the United States does not seek guidance from a convicted aggressor." Attention was called to the 200,000 Japanese prisoners still held by the Soviet Union and to the violation of armaments limitations by Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. And finally Soviet attention was called to the primary interest of the United States in the treaty since we "bore the burden of Japan's war of aggression for nearly four years, as against six days of Soviet Union belligerency."

As a corollary to the pact, Mr. Dulles has stated that Japan will seek security on a collective basis. This means, probably, that we shall enter into a bilateral treaty with Japan which will permit our occupation forces to remain as mutual security forces. Under such a treaty there will be a combination of United States and future Japanese forces permanently working together for the security of the Far East. The composition of such forces has not been determined, but it is easy to foresee that Japan will shortly commence the development of a new Japanese army and that the US, for a long time, will provide the major air and naval forces in the Far East.

The treaty is a monument to enlightened statesmanship, as it is a great personal triumph for Mr. Dulles. It avoids the restrictions and humiliations of the Treaty of Versailles which led to the rise of Hitler and the onset of World War II. It reflects the principles applied by Bismarck in the treaties with Austria and France after the wars of 1866 and 1870, when he struggled against King William for a treaty which would not leave a legacy of bitterness. His success is indicated by the 44 years of peace which followed the Treaty of Frankfurt with France. Bismarck recognized the need for a friend in defeated Austria. We recognize the need for a friend in defeated Japan. The Japanese treaty points the way to reconciliation with Germany.

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HOUSING: A VANISHING VISION

IV. The Housing Movement in Retreat

by Harry Conn

SHORTLY after World War I, the late Dr. Edith Elmer Woods, venerable author and crusader against the nation's slums, took stock of the housing movement of the times. She wrote:

> Housing reform in the United States had produced three personalities: Jacob Riis, who made us care how the other half lived; Albion Fellows Bacon, who won a housing law for her state by sheer, disinterested persistence; and Lawrence Veiller, the high priest of restrictive housing legislation. Yet the housing movement remains anemic, the great bulk of people are indifferent. Why? Is it not because a negative appeal is never strong?

Dr. Woods lived to become a vital influence and significant participant in the successful campaign for public housing and many other positive reforms which were little more than hopes in 1919. She saw the rise of collective action among public-interest groups. She saw the development of a broader movement, a positive movement. Yet in the light of the potentialities of the age, Dr. Woods would likely be the first to agree that with all its past accomplishments, the housing movement today, since 1949, is ossified and afraid; spirit and daring and crusading can no longer describe it.

The housing movement, it is true, is not alone in this dreary retreat from the intrepid aggressiveness for social reform which characterized the immediate past. The speculative and artificial boom in which we are living, the fear of war and the anti-red hysteria combine to make an almost impossible climate for domestic progress. "This curious combination of fright and frantic prosperity has done the same thing to every reform cause that I know anything about . . . except race relations perhaps," one of the nation's foremost housing authorities recently wrote a friend.

No truer demonstration of this fact could be offered than the 20th Annual National Housing Conference meeting in Washington in June. It was a meeting of many of the old crusaders for housing; the hopes and visions were still there, but the fires were wanting. The youth of the nation with the energy that must spearhead any movement were not there. The fight for housing, seemingly, had reverted to an old man's game, if those at the Statler Hotel meetings offered real evidence.

Liberal Congressmen from the speaker's rostrum pleaded with the NHC delegates to help break down this wall of fear. "Liberals seem to be so tired," lamented Rep. Samuel Yorty of California. "We just don't know how to handle the smear campaigns of the McCarthys," he observed.

"We on the Hill get pessimistic from time to time," Rep. Hugh Mitchell of Washington told the Conference. "We sometimes think all people have forgotten about housing."

Liberals obsessed with fear can be reproached for this atmosphere, but one who cannot is big, affable Lee F. Johnson, the NHC's executive vice-president. With the resources at his disposal he has worked hard to keep the Conference on the fighting level for which it was founded in 1931 by the top crusaders in the movement.

Lee Johnson is personally popular with almost everyone in public housing, which has immeasurably aided the NHC in becoming a clearing house for many organizations. The Conference numbers only some 4,000 members, but among these are the leaders in the housing field, civic officials, trade unionists, architects and members of federal housing agencies and local housing authorities.

The Conference was largely instrumental in setting up the Housing Legislation Information Service, composed of most major religious groups, the labor unions, veterans' organizations, minority groups, women's civic and social service organizations. This was a service, informal, not committed to anything, but meeting to discuss and develop recommendations on housing which contributed much toward making possible the Housing Act of 1949. The HLIS still meets infrequently, but even with the critical housing situation of today, it lacks the drive, the purpose and effectiveness of 1948 and 1949.

In addition to the fearful atmosphere found in the country which is halting all liberal movements, the NHC just does not have the organization, the time or the money to offer the necessary leadership or inspiration to local communities. It cannot really reach the people. In recent years the NHC's income has been even more uncertain and inadequate. Last year it lost its tax-exempt status when it was discovered that the Conference had once received funds from investment bankers. Some $25,000 which had been raised from foundations for a strictly educational program, then, could not be given.

The craft union in the housing field is the National Association of Housing Officials. It has stodgy, cautious

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leadership which largely reflects the conservative character of most local-housing authorities. It is far too stuffy and inhibited to be effective, even within the limitation of its tax-exempt status. Far too much of its time and energies are devoted to intramural politicking, usually for no constructive purpose. The most recent example was the firing, last June, of John M. Ducey, the executive director. A clique within the board of governors quietly oiled the skids for Ducey and forced his resignation without notice, on the pretext that a man with a different type of personality was needed: a smooth front-man rather than a technician. The truth seems to be that Ducey's attitude on racial integration was distasteful to the Southerners in the NAHO who have a great deal to say about policies. Ducey was not trying to impose his views on the NAHO, but he had approved publication of several articles against racial segregation in the NAHO *Journal of Housing*, and he had come from the Chicago Housing Authority, which has an interracial program. The NAHO's best contribution is its *Journal*, edited by competent Dorothy Gazzolo.

In 1934, John Edelman, now Washington representative of the CIO-Textile Workers, Alfred Kastner and Oscar Stonorov, who built the famous Carl Mackley homes for the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, organized the National Labor Housing Conference and hired Catherine Bauer, a nationally recognized authority in the housing field, as secretary. Its first national conference was held in Atlantic City in 1935, a few days prior to the AFL convention. NLHA members successfully lobbied among the convention delegates and obtained one of the first strong AFL resolutions for public low-cost housing. This convention saw the split of the industrial-union advocates of the CIO away from the AFL. But it also saw the formation of the AFL's Housing Committee with Harry Bates, president of the bricklayers, as chairman, and directed by AFL economist Boris Shishkin.

Since 1935 the AFL Housing Committee has consistently supported progressive housing legislation. Shishkin has done much constructive research and organization in the housing field and has worked smoothly with the NHC and the NLIS. In recent years he has been ably assisted by Bert Seidman. However, it is natural that the AFL, concerned with the maintaining of building-trade standards, should sometimes be faced with conflicts. For example, when public-housing officials, striving to cut public-housing costs, experimented with substitutes for plaster, the Plasterers' Union vigorously objected. Fortunately, these instances are not too frequent.

The basic job of the labor movement in the housing field is to stimulate local interest and local organization. In this capacity the AFL has not been too effective and has achieved far less local activity than the CIO.

Walter Reuther is chairman of the CIO Housing Committee and Leo Goodman is director. Goodman could well be characterized as the housing movement's own "stormy petrel." He operates largely independently of the rest of the movement by choice and experience. A great deal of his time is spent uncovering real and imagined plots and conspiracies stemming from the real-estate lobby, and housing-movement personalities. He was instrumental in forcing the Buchanan Lobby Investigation, which resulted in the accumulation of extensive information on lobbying activities, much of which was already known, but with no remedial action.

Goodman, himself, is a complex and fabulous character. He has an abundance of energy and a sharp tongue, both of which are in steady use with both Congressmen and housing officials. There is little that goes on in or around the housing field that escapes him, although his ultimate effectiveness is a point of hot dispute. His opponents say that he is a modern Don Quixote; his supporters point to his fighting role in legislative and rent-control battles. But Goodman has been so occupied with the Washington scene that he has had to limit his time in stimulating the local activity which is fortunately being carried on by local industrial-union councils.

Most of the local-housing associations have been only moderately effective in housing campaigns. Some get money from the Community Chests, which tend to be against any kind of social action and are especially frightened of legislative action. Too many try to be truly representative by including real-estate people on their boards, and their effectiveness is consequently reduced. Ira Robbins in New York and Dorothy Schoell Montgomery in Philadelphia, however, have offered stimulating leadership to their local organizations, and in Baltimore, Hans Froelicher and Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro have rescued the local associations from the real-estate interests and are using law enforcement to make the best of present housing and push aggressively for public-housing projects.

Despite promising developments in limited localities and among a few scattered individuals, the leadership of the housing movement has abdicated in the face of fear and the vested real-estate interests. The movement has no comprehensive national, state and local organization, effectively binding together all public-interest groups. The real-estate lobby has such a structure, expertly planned and delivering consistently. The crusaders who populated the government housing agencies 10 to 15 years ago are no more. They have either left, disillusioned, or remain disillusioned or afraid. The housing movement must be reborn with a new vehicle, new and vigorous leadership and a sound, modern program, if America is to solve her housing dilemma.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *McCarran Holds Another Prisoner*

AN OFFICIAL of character and sensitiveness should resign his office if he finds that he is harassed to that degree that his record is becoming one of futility. However, he should not throw subordinates to the wolves. After becoming a prisoner of the Taft-Bridges-Knowland-Chiang Kai-shek clique as to Formosa, Secretary Acheson surrendered to Senator McCarthy on another front. There were no Communists in the State Department for all of McCarthy's braying and ear-wriggling, notwithstanding which Mr. Acheson recently began publicly to suspend members of his staff as a human sacrifice to propitiate the Moloch of fear and hysteria.

More recently still, Mr. Acheson, with "hands up," has been captured by Don Pat McCarran, "brevet grandee" of Spain, who represents Franco the Fascist in the United States Senate while drawing his pay from the federal treasury. After asserting and reasserting that Franco's Spain does not possess the proper political complexion to be associated with free nations, Mr. Acheson, without striking a blow, ran up the white flag and vied with Don Señor McCarran in pressing millions upon millions of American taxpayers' dollars upon Franco the Fascist. Apparently this is being done as much by way of atonement for our delay in paying the piper whose tunes had been called by Hitler and Mussolini as for the purpose of feeding Spaniards who have been suffering acute hunger under the enlightened rule of the poisonous little toad heaved into power by the bayonets of Hitler and Mussolini. Of course, American supplies may seep into the notorious black markets that eke out the income of Franco satellites.

Probably, if Mr. Acheson should resign with as much dignity as he exudes, some would charge that he was "retreating under fire." But since he is running anyhow and has been doing so from the beginning, while ineffectively and whimsically puttering with foreign affairs, it would not seem to matter much just what people might say about his accelerated motion. After all, the country is entitled to a forthright and vigorous Secretary of State who, without fear or favor, would conduct our vitally important foreign affairs in a way designed to promote our welfare and security. The people are entitled to a man who will face his calumniators and scorn to throw a Jonah overboard. They want a man who will return double—blow for dastardly blow struck at the prestige and honor of America. Character and sensitiveness that evaporate under the guttersnipe assaults of a McCarthy or the despicable maneuverings of a McCarran are not such character and sensitiveness as are worth much.

Acheson's latest surrender to McCarran has been both unconditional and craven. To a 1951 appropriation bill McCarran, despite the Constitution, succeeded in attaching a rider authorizing and directing the Administration to "lend" $62.5 million to Fascist Spain. This "loan" is in fact a gift. Now Franco has the cool nerve to demand an additional gift of $100 million for 1952. According to an article by Alexander H. Uhl, in the *Nation* for July 28, the $62.5 million grab was "a slap in the face for the State Department, which had been insisting that Spain ought to make 'substantial advances in such directions as increased civil liberties, religious freedom and freedom to exercise the elementary rights of organized labor'."

It is gratifying to know that the State Department thought, even if only languidly, of the propriety of some consideration, in the nature of a recognition of democratic liberties for the Spanish people, in return for the money filched from American taxpayers. But why is the State Department so willing to appease such characters as McCarran, McCarthy and Bridges? Once in a while it would make the American people happy to hear of some signal victory demonstrating the courage, the resourcefulness and the refusal to retreat that ought to characterize the Department. The people do not like the befoulment of our international relations by the Taft-Bridges-Knowland clique. They resent the smearing and intimidation of patriotic public servants by such political gangsters as McCarthy and McCarran.

In his phony new cabinet, Franco presents as his Minister of War, General Augusto Murray Grande. It was Grande, as Commander of the Blue Division which fought against the Allies in World War II, whom Hitler decorated with the Iron Cross with palms. Sam Hope Brewer wrote in the New York *Times* recently: "The Cabinet as revamped does not imply any change in basic policies." Equally phony is Franco's oft-repeated intimation of the restoration of the monarchy. It has not been forgotten that Italy had a king when Mussolini was in power. A Spanish king, with Franco pulling the strings, could not possibly be trusted by any of the democratic countries. King or no king, Franco will not surrender the power that he has feloniously seized and which we now recognize. Why should he when his "Ambassador-at-Large," Don Señor de McCarran y Shea, can so easily bring the once proud American State Department to heel?

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE BALANCE OF POWER AND THE VOICE OF GOD

by James R. Newman

WHEN God in response to McKinley's request for guidance advised him to annex the Philippines it was a great comfort to the President's mind; for a head of state weighing grave decisions nothing is so helpful as divine instruction, especially when it sanctions his inclination. During the last fifty years our problems of foreign relations have grown tremendously complex and it has become increasingly difficult to discern where the national interest lies, not to speak of framing solutions which could be submitted to heaven for ratification. In this period, nevertheless, the American people and their leaders, says Hans Morgenthau, have made moral principle the final test of international policy, avowedly shunning as unworthy measures based on expediency, material welfare or the balance of power.

IN DEFENSE OF THE NATIONAL INTEREST, by Hans J. Morgenthau (Knopf; $3.50).

While this idealism takes purest form in the utterances of Woodrow Wilson, it must not be thought to have vanished with his passing. Wilson lived to see his theories repudiated; yet their hold on the public mind, on the conscience of some of the foremost politicians, was compellingly demonstrated in the next three decades. The "great debate," between those who favored the United States taking a full part in world affairs and those who argued that the continuance of our blessings depended on our staying tucked in at home, proved the formidable psychological advantage of exhorting Americans from a platform of high principle.

Morgenthau's main theme in this study is that our foreign policy of the last few years has been swept along on a current of naive sentimentalism; that it has been conceived in "non-political moralistic terms" wholly divorced from the requirements of *Realpolitik*. Our task today, he says, is the same it has been since the founding of the Republic, namely to maintain a balance of power in those regions where the ascendency of a single nation or bloc menaces the national interest. But in our postwar relations with Russia, this rational object, to be achieved (if at all) by rational means, has all but vanished from view. Led by the Administration and the press, American public opinion conceives the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union as a mortal struggle between good and evil, a struggle that can scarcely be compromised. Imbued with a sense of mission, we substitute fervor for common sense. War, once an instrument of policy, but today grown so destructive as to render the principles of Clausewitz no more dependable than the maps of Ptolemy, has become in a sense "the object of policy." Diplomacy languishes, having degenerated into "a variety of the art of warfare"; we look to it, Morgenthau declares, not as a method to compose differences, maintain our vital interests and preserve peace, but as an activity which will support the cold war and gain time until the armaments needed for the main contest have been prepared. The outcome of the present course is ruin. Confused, frightened, weakly led, oblivious of our real interests, we drift toward a war we cannot win for a cause we do not comprehend. That is the burden of Morgenthau's criticism.

There are excellent things in this volume—shafts of profound insight, an ability to arrange coherently a bewildering assortment of facts, disinterestedness coupled with a considerable gift for polemicizing where folly has been exposed. Morgenthau is an honest man and courageous; he does not deem it necessary to validate his own loyalty by hissing at the enemy. A rare book, obviously, and a refreshing one. It is to be regretted therefore that the author has overstated his case and thereby weakened certain conclusions which would stand in a balanced perspective.

Of the heavy moral accents of American foreign policy, especially in this century, no responsible observer can have any doubts. Undoubtedly we have a penchant for holiness. But several questions suggest themselves almost immediately. To what extent has moral principle, as distinguished from an air of morality, actually guided policy? To what extent is it responsible for blunders of policy? Assuming that "utopianism" has in truth both led and misled us, what does prudence dictate for the future conduct of foreign relations? I am not persuaded that Morgenthau has satisfactorily answered any of these questions. Statesmen, like other mortals, pay tribute to virtue without altogether succumbing to it. Righteouness is a rabble-rouser of which even the rabble is half-skeptical. Napoleon and Hitler styled themselves as emancipators; from the beginning of history, almost every conquest, annexation, colonial exploitation has been proclaimed as honorable, blessed and beneficent Morgenthau contrasts the actions of the mass of politicians in domestic and foreign affairs:

> The daily routine of their political lives is devoid of those moral and intellectual qualities which they really admire, which to the public they pretend to possess and which they wish they were able to practice. In compensation for what they regard as their own shortcomings, they make foreign policy over into a sort of fairyland where virtue triumphs and vice is punished, where heroes fight for principle without thought of consequence, and where the nation in shining armor comes to the succor of the ravished nation, taking the villain's life even though he might in the process lose his own.

This is well said but glib. The average American politician, one is quite prepared to admit, is an innocent when it comes to foreign affairs: but an inno-

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cent intellectually, not morally. If making a diplomatic deal were as familiar as making a deal for votes, a crop subsidy or a road contract he would make it; if the national interest—the concept of which vexes professors of political science—were as well defined as his own he would promote it. What happens, I suspect, is often the reverse of Morgenthau's diagnosis: parochial manners and prejudices are extended to the international scene. Foreigners are looked upon with suspicion; a country receiving aid is thought a pauper and expected to be obedient, respectful and compliant; nations, like next-door neighbors, are to be liked and if not liked then hated; a nation which violates treaties is to be treated like any individual law-breaker—reprimanded, put on probation, imprisoned, and if necessary executed. Policies thus conceived, it should be noted, are not wholly devoid of realism. They have worked in the past when our resources to enforce them were sufficient to meet our commitments. It is doubtful, however, that they will now work in a bipolar world.

Morgenthau curiously overlooks the most prevalent of contemporary slogans, that of "protecting the national security." "National security" is a misty notion and one can undoubtedly run off the edge of the cliff in pursuit of it as easily as in pursuit of the "national interest." But to justify actions in the name of security—a word much used by the Cannings, the Hamiltons, the Disraelis and Salisbury's whom Morgenthau so admires—is not the same as justifying them in the name of moral principle. We may be forever sallying forth to rescue freedom, but we are willing also to rescue Tito, to support Franco, to prop up Bao Dai, to embrace and defend and pay anyone, whatever his morals, who promises to denounce our enemies, if not to fight them.

This may be folly, but it is not the folly of Wilson. Morgenthau's thesis that, entirely apart from Russia's actions, the befuddlement of the Administration and its essential loss of control over the march of events—partly because of the backlash of the fears it has fomented and the impossible and contradictory goals it has set before the country—have endangered the nation's survival is persuasively set forth. One must be grateful to him also for making clear that the imperatives and "moral dignity" of the national interest, to which we often pay scant regard, are at least as important as the dignity of the individual, a concern over which we so noisily pique ourselves. But the contention that sentimentality and a weakness for utopianism are the core of our disease (all of which is recited in a painfully embarrassing coda entitled "Forget and Remember!") and that what we need as remedy is a daily tablespoon of Castlereagh and ten drops of Metternich is somewhat less than convincing. Because a few of the delegates to the Congress of Vienna did their jobs brilliantly does not mean, as Morgenthau seems to argue, that their actions and principles should serve as models for our behavior. I see no more reason to believe this than that the Secretary of State would be more effective if he wore knee breeches.

VICHY TO YALTA

SEVEN DECISIONS THAT SHAPED HISTORY, by Sumner Welles (Harper; $3).

SUMNER WELLES has written a defense of the foreign policies of the Roosevelt Administration against both liberal and reactionary criticism. He has produced a hot, proud little book which must have given him considerable pleasure in the writing. It suffers the fault of most works of explanation written by former officials—it is lightly creamed with a we-were-right unction.

Thus we were right in recognizing the Vichy Government, says Welles, because we kept a "window" open on the Continent and helped keep the French fleet out of German hands. "Columnists and editors of the more liberal stripe played their part in inflaming popular sentiment" against the Vichy policy and prevented the people from seeing what the stakes were, says Welles. He must mean me, among others, because at that time I gave the Vichy policy a thorough going over, several times a week, in some forty newspapers.

All I can do is report that President Roosevelt did not seem to me during that period nearly so certain about the wisdom of the Vichy policy as Welles is now. I remember, at the height of the Vichy flubdub, asking the President: "How far ahead can you see in foreign policy at this moment?" The President leaned across his desk and said: "About ten minutes. How are you doing?"

In regard to the policy of dealing with Admiral Darlan in North Africa (which, to do Welles justice, he does not actively defend, but rather skitters around), the President told me he had sat in his office chair for six hours one night, trying to make up his mind whether or not to conclude the deal. In the end he ruled yes, solely on the basis that American casualties in the North African landing might thereby be reduced. This was certainly a strong basis for a decision, but six hours of worry and doubt in the Presidential chair do not bespeak the certainty that Welles displays throughout his book.

But Welles is a good and valuable citizen; would there were more like him. He is a man of honor. He does not crawl, even now, about Yalta—we may have given too much at that conference, but he recalls the hope of those days that Russia might become a useful member of the family of nations. He also points out that if we hadn't given Russia the concessions we did give her in the Far East, she would probably have taken them anyway, for she had been a Pacific power for many years before we were. Welles's final point is devastating —Roosevelt had been told before Yalta by the Combined Chiefs of Staff that we needed Russian aid to defeat Japan in a final invasion. Some Americans, including Admiral Leahy, disagreed, feeling that a naval and air blockade could end Japan. But a civilian President was in no position to reject the advice of the Combined Chiefs, and Roosevelt made the best deal he could at Yalta. The Russians turned out to be thoroughly unreliable peace partners, but in the bitter rages over Yalta that have marked American political controversy ever since, one sometimes senses a greater desire to score a point against Roosevelt than against the Kremlin.

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This book is a useful perspective corrector and pocket reminder of the days of destiny. It is attractive in its revelation of Welles's deep admiration for Roosevelt, which comes through as the admiration of a somewhat remote and quiet man for a brilliant extrovert. It is clear that the former Acting Secretary has come forward with his reaffirmation of Roosevelt's greatness as an act of conscience in a day of hate. He takes us through Roosevelt's disappointment when the "quarantine the aggressors" speech failed to move the American public, the slow approach to an embargo against Japan, the Rio Conference of 1942, at which hemispheric unity was established, the decision to postpone vexing political and territorial questions until after the war, and the creation of the UN. Welles thinks it would have been better to have attempted political and territorial solutions during the war, while our allies needed us as much as we needed them; he was in agreement with Mrs. Roosevelt on this point. Connoisseurs of the inner life of the Roosevelt Administration will perhaps also be tickled by Welles's tart comments on Secretary Hull.

But the real importance of the book lies in its defense of the man of vision who was the wartime President; in its stiffness and awkwardness, as it comes from the pen of a cool man stirred by proximity to greatness, it carries more force than many a stereotyped tribute from others in the Roosevelt political family. SAMUEL GRAFTON

Samuel Grafton was the author of the newspaper column, "I'd Rather Be Right." He is currently working, with Edith Grafton, on a play for fall production.

FROM ERROR TO TRUTH

THE RISE OF SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY, by Hans Reichenbach (University of California Press; $3.75).

ONE OF the foremost proponents of logical empiricism here presents his reasons for believing "that philosophy has risen from error to truth." The error is speculation, the truth a functional conception of knowledge through science. The search for generality and certainty, which culminated in the philosophic systems of the past, was misdirected. Too often it ignored or scorned scientific knowledge, and even the correct approach would have been destined to failure in the past because sufficient scientific knowledge was not available. Thus, the first 100 pages of the book portray the upheavals which precede the dawn of "scientific philosophy." Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Kant and Hegel are sent to their doom (Kant alone with benedictions) as men who have deserved their fate. Page 115 enters upon the new era of philosophy, made possible by the circumstance that we now have enough science to dispense with speculation.

This first portion of the book is a wholesome antidote to the excessive preoccupation many professional philosophers have had with their past. It flatters the scientist, though perhaps it makes the historian wince. As an introduction to the author's main argument, which is painstakingly developed in the sequel, this part is well designed. Yet it shows in the very beginning what some soon will regard as a fault of the entire treatment: a lack of historical perspective. Only when this is granted can one face with equanimity the author's peculiar suggestion that the present, because of its suffusion with scientific glory, is uniquely favored over the past.

The meat of the book is contained in its middle chapters, which describe the results of scientific philosophy. These form a careful and eminently readable survey of modern geometry, the meaning of time, the laws of nature and the basis of atomic structure. Here the author's discourse is even, competent and factual. It is my opinion that the crucial problem of atomic reality is not considered in its fullness, but that is perhaps unimportant in a popular book. Reichenbach selects for study the two propositions: (a) matter consists of either particles or waves; (b) matter consists of both particles and waves; and he decides in favor of the latter, citing DeBroglie as his authority He excludes from consideration a third possibility; (c) matter is *neither* particles *nor* waves, which is a more reasonable view and is held, I think, by most physicists today.

The chapter on modern logic represents perfection in popular writing about a difficult theme. Here the hand of the master is visible at every penstroke and it is likely that the reader will regret the brevity of the text on this important topic. Much of the excellence is carried into the following chapter, which deals with probability, but toward the end of it there is apparent a tendency to exaggerate the significance of probability in exact science.

The remainder of the book is effective writing and, in my opinion, very good philosophy. But it should be stated that the treatment is persuasive and not quite as objective as the book's title might indicate. What is here called scientific philosophy, and indeed "the new philosophy," is the view of logical positivism. Many working scientists take issue with it. HENRY MARGENAU

Henry Margenau, Eugene Higgins Professor of Physics and Natural Philosophy at Yale University, is the author of Foundations of Physics, Mathematics of Physics and Chemistry and The Nature of Physical Reality.

THE SOLITARY CHILDREN

THE MAN WHO WAS LOVED, by James Stern (Harcourt, Brace; $3).

THE DESPERATE competition of modern travel writers and local-color novelists has created a world-blasé reading public. If we must once more accompany an author on the now familiar voyages through strange seas to lands unknown, we are apt to demand that he take us at least to Soviet Turkestan or to Wilkes Land, or better still, perhaps, reveal such strangeness in our native suburb that we can learn the excellence of "holidays at home." At first sight, therefore, this collection of James Stern's stories is a trifle discouraging. The Pacific Islands, the South African veldt, the sentimental-tough saloons of Irish New York, the childhood world of the Anglo-Irish gentry, all are such familiar illustrations in the steamship brochures, recall such faded memories of Kipling, Maugham and Hemingway, that we inevitably feel cheated of the recherché experiences we have come to expect. True he provides us with Freud-tinted spectacles which lend strangeness to lands so long seen through the more simple worldly monocle of Maugham; true he makes full use of the eyes of those lonely, innocent children, first introduced by James and now so useful in revealing the Freudian shadows that darken their childish games; true, even,

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he accepts the abnormal with an ease that even Truman Capote could envy. Yet none of this is quite so novel that it can reconcile us to so dowdy a cruise. Nevertheless, the intensity and the freshness of his writing transform many of these stories into moving and absorbing experiences which successfully arouse imaginative overtones that lie beyond their somewhat overfamiliar contents.

Stern seldom expresses an overt attitude, his sympathies and hatreds reveal themselves obliquely. In the best of his stories, however, they are clear. He deals mainly with the inarticulate, but only in the least successful stories like "Solitaire" with the self-consciously, Hemingway-esque inarticulate. His characters are more usually silent because of the habits of their lives, the spiritual or emotional failure of those around them. The lack of communication between conventional, hunting English gentry and their more imaginative, lonely children, is a hackneyed theme, yet by the sharpness of his ear and eye, and more particularly by his subtly implied compassion for both sides of the barrier, he brings this world to life most movingly in "The Broken Leg," "Under the Beech Tree" and "The Woman Who Was Loved." He never departs from his stand with the innocent and unhappy children against the cruel failure in imagination of their parents, yet he suggests also the solitary, unhappy children still to be found in the depths of these adults whose lives are bounded by fox and horse. There is always the danger in retelling the significant moments of childhood that the author may present them too consciously, give them too clinical a flavor. This fault Stern does not avoid in "Something Wrong." To allow an adult to recapitulate "something nasty in the woodshed" is likely to turn a story of childhood experience into a psychiatric case history. The most original and impressive of this collection is a story only incidentally of childhood. The strange "Traveller's Tears," with its criss-cross pattern of homosexual emotions, both male and female, against the background of Pacific tramp steamer, hibiscus and hula, avoids all the pitfalls of self-pity, pseudo-cynicism and conscious broadmindedness which the theme invites. This is the more remarkable since Stern's more normal stories, particularly his tough American Irish "good scout" themes, so often fall into these very snares. For all its unhappy, abnormal theme, "Traveller's Tears" is, in fact, a perfect lyrical expression of exotic joy.

ANGUS WILSON

Angus Wilson is the author of two books of short stories, The Wrong Set *and* Such Darling Dodos.

MOVIES: Off with Their Heads!

SINCE the filming of *Alice in Wonderland* might be thought a dangerous, not to say a dubious, enterprise, it is a coincidence that two movie versions of the fairy tale should have opened in New York within two days of each other. One of them is from England, the other from Walt Disney: a redundant answer to an unvoiced prayer.

The English picture, as would be expected, is the one closer to Carroll's original, the gentler one and the more thoughtful. Its chief fault (unless you hold that the decision to attempt the picture at all was the first error) is that it is not a good job of picture making. To begin with, there is an overlong and dull garden-party sort of introduction designed to introduce the human figures on whom Carroll is thought to have modelled his dream creatures. The young Dodgson, photographer and friend to children, is present; also Queen Victoria, several Oxford worthies and the three Liddell sisters. Some good people were engaged for this preliminary work—Pamela Brown, Stephen Murray and Felix Aylmer among them—but little trouble has been taken to produce valid characterizations for what is really a curtain-raiser to the main show. Alice is played most attractively throughout the picture by Carol Marsh.

Once down the rabbit hole Alice is alone in a world peopled by the plastic rubber puppets of Lou Bunin. These are said to be based on drawings by Carroll (they are often quite different from the Tenniel figures) but as Bunin has modelled them they are singularly unattractive. The White Rabbit looks like an Easter bunny manufactured in Japan for the five-and-dime trade, the mouse looks skinned, Bill the Lizard and his chums look stepped-on The animation is laboriously jerky, the sets are stylized but not particularly stylish. Finally, the Ansco color in which the picture was made has a distressing habit of fading every now and then and making ghosts of the cast. I'm told the production was five years in the making and for everyone concerned I'm sorry that that was so.

The Disney production (all animated and in Technicolor) is a much smoother picture and an abomination. It is a piece of brassy, empty-headed slapstick that makes the same use of Carroll's sentiment and wit that a baby would make of a Dresden shepherdess: bang it about and break it to bits.

Naturally, Disney has not distinguished between *Alice* and *Through the Looking Glass*, so you get the first four lines of "Jabberwocky" sung by a group called the Rhythmaires to a tune that strongly recalls "My Momma Done Tol' Me" and you get Tweedledum and Tweedledee as a pair of Pat and Mike comedians. The Dodo has become a yo-ho-ho pirate, the Walrus is a sort of W. C. Fields, the caterpillar an elderly queer. As for the rest of the citizens of Wonderland, Disney seems to have thought that when the Cheshire Cat told Alice that they were all mad he meant that they were all feeble-minded. Alice herself is straight out of a cereal ad, a simpering Dy-dee doll. The music is cheap, the color garish (like those fluorescent jackets you see everywhere now), the expensive Hollywood voices—Ed Wynn, Richard Haydn, Sterling Holloway, Jerry Colonna, etc.—self-conscious, eager to be recognized and cute. This Wonderland is the latest exhibit in Disney's project to drain the life out of all the children's classics and fill the corpses with neon juice

Ava Gardner should not have been required to sit on the piano—the Helen Morgan gesture does not come to her naturally—but otherwise I could find no flaw in the new MGM revival of *Show Boat*. In any case, the Kern-Hammerstein musical defies criticism; it is part of our youth and the toughest reviewer goes soft over it. But I tried to watch closely through the rosy haze and it seemed to me that George Sidney had been given a fine cast and had

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directed it in just the right mood of operetta sentiment. The girls are china-lovely and—if those are their voices—sing nicely; Howard Keel is a properly romantic Gaylord Ravenal, Joe E. Brown a surprisingly discreet Captain Andy. Marge and Gower Champion are a bouncing dance team and William Warfield sings Ol' Man River as it ought to be sung and usually isn't—that is, like a beautiful song and not an exercise in basso vocal chords. ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC: Cincinnati Summer Opera

FOR FIVE WEEKS every summer operatic sopranos and tenors share Cincinnati's Zoo Park with the monkeys, peacocks, snakes, and big cats. Rehearsals stop for 15 minutes at noon while a prize chimpanzee, whose digestion is disturbed by the sound of singing, eats her lunch without background music. In the evening, performances are often accompanied by an obbligato of lions.

But the Cincinnati Summer Opera is no mere sideshow to the Zoo. A serious, professional enterprise, it is the only parallel in this country to the second-line operatic institutions in such European cities as Cologne or Linz or Parma or Lyon. It is now celebrating its 30th anniversary, the oldest American opera company except for the Metropolitan.

The company functions in an old-fashioned pavilion on the Zoo grounds. Open sides let in what breeze there is, and balconies along the sides evoke memories of Ohio River show boats. The pavilion is too small for 1951 week-end crowds (it seats 1,700 under the roof and 1,100 in uncovered seats in back) and innumerable posts interfere with the sight-lines. But the wooden roof has the mellow resonance of an old violin; since the old pavilion at Ravinia Park, north of Chicago, burned three years ago, no other summer-music building has been able to challenge its acoustics.

In its 30 seasons the Summer Opera has staged 65 different operas, including such perennial items as *Aida* and *Carmen*, more ambitious and demanding works like Strauss's *Salomé* and Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei Tre Re* and such rarities of the repertoire as Boito's *Mefistofele* and Mascagni's *Iris*. Though it has lost money every season but one, it has found ways of keeping alive while Chicago has lost first its summer opera and then its winter opera.

From the outset, the Cincinnati Summer Opera has served as a tryout theatre both for young singers learning their craft and for experienced singers undertaking new roles. James Melton made his first operatic appearances in Cincinnati. Both Gladys Swarthout and Risë Stevens sang the role of Carmen there before venturing before the more severe public of San Francisco and New York, and Blanche Thebom followed their example last month. Grace Moore sang her first Tosca in Cincinnati. This summer Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, Frank Guarrera and Jerome Hines have tried out in parts in which they will one day be heard at the Metropolitan.

Since the budget is not large, the Summer Opera can afford relatively few Metropolitan singers (ten this summer, out of a total of 39). The company consists chiefly of experienced artists who have not quite measured up to Metropolitan requirements, up-and-coming youngsters from the New York City Center, and (in the cases of Stella Roman, Claramae Turner, and two or three others) former Metropolitan singers of quality who have been nosed out in stiff competition. The singing is the best to be heard in American opera outside San Francisco and New York.

The Cincinnati Symphony, a solid but flexible ensemble, is the excellent orchestra, and the chief conductors, Fausto Cleva and Paul Breisach, give the performances musical integrity both in the pit and on the stage. The chorus, imported from the Metropolitan, is small but secure. Only in the visual realm is there anything to deplore: stage direction, scenery and lighting are provincial in the worst sense of the word.

The essential form of the Cincinnati Summer Opera was mapped out by its founder, Ralph Lyford, who died after four highly successful seasons. For some years before and after Lyford's death the deficit was made up by a single benefactor, Robert L. Black. In 1934, when Black decided to withdraw his support, the enterprise was saved by the energy and statesmanship of Oscar Hild, president of the Cincinnati musicians' union, who persuaded his members to add $7,000 to funds raised from other sources. Though the union was never again asked to contribute, employer-employee relations have been unusually smooth, for Hild doubled as head of the union and manager of the opera until his death in 1950, when Robert L. Sidell was appointed to both jobs.

For the past three years the opera season (usually five weeks) has been subsidized by a civic agency known as the Fine Arts Fund, which annually mounts a unified drive to raise money for the winter season of the Cincinnati Symphony, the summer opera, and the two leading art museums. Last summer the Fine Arts Fund had $45,000 ready for the opera, but was asked to contribute only $33,000. Production costs now permit an average profit of only $200 on a sold-out house, and usually only the week-end performances sell out. When it rains, as it did on four of the first five evenings this June, the 1,100 uncovered seats are a dead loss. Nevertheless ticket prices (65 cents to $4) remain at a 1945 level. To bring in some extra income, the management this year gave performances of two operettas (*Die Fledermaus* and *The Merry Widow*) for audiences of up to 10,000 in the huge Cincinnati Garden.

Cincinnati is devoted to its Zoo opera (there is no probability of an all-out move to the barren Garden) and counts its expenditure a small one for an undertaking that gives the citizens so much pleasure and contributes so substantially to the whole national development of opera. To an outsider who sees the happy affair in progress, the marvel is not that Cincinnati feels it can afford an opera season, but that a dozen larger and better-heeled cities do not. CECIL SMITH

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(*Continued from page 8*)

—were listening to the appeal of Gordon Munro, financial adviser of the government of Southern Rhodesia, for help in carrying out the "Capricorn Plan."

This is a scheme, worked out by white officials of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and submitted to the Colonial and Commonwealth Relations Offices in London, to federate the three areas in an eighth British Dominion to be known as British Central Africa. The whole area would have a federal government rather like that of Australia. A six-member cabinet would function under a Governor General, representing the King; and all matters affecting the African people would be entrusted to a Federal Minister of African Affairs responsible to the Governor General and through him to London.

Two men, neither a native African, stand behind the scheme. They are Dr. Godfrey Huggins, of the United Party, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, and Roy Welensky who, as chairman of the "Elected Members" of Northern Rhodesia, a Crown Colony, is in effect the Prime Minister. Dr. Huggins does not go all the way in yielding to the attraction of Dr. Malan's *Apartheid*—segregation of the Africans—but he believes that the Africans in the Rhodesias are not ready for a share in the government. Welensky is sponsor of what he calls the "Two-Pyramid" policy which amounts to giving the Africans a degree of help toward economic progress but denying them political enfranchisement.

Welensky says he has helped improve economic conditions among the native Africans and promises more along the same lines. But his power over the 35,000 whites who live among the two million natives in Northern Rhodesia depends upon his ability to continue to keep the natives "in their place," that is, to maintain the shocking disparity between the races.

Welensky and the other sponsors of the "Capricorn Plan" insist that its policy toward the Africans will be quite different from Dr. Malan's racialist *Apartheid*. There are strong suggestions in London that important figures in the British Government—for example, Patrick Gordon Walker, the Minister for Commonwealth Relations — agree. But Walker's banishment of Seretse Khama and his uncle, Tshekedi, of the Bamangwato people from Bechuanaland, on the border of the proposed Dominion, made the leaders of black Africa anxious.

Nkrumah has emerged as one of the leading opponents of the Plan, for, he says, it is another form of "imperialism" even though it does not go as far as what he calls the "undisguised Fascism" of Malan's South Africa. The first and greatest fault he finds with the Plan is not, however, the "Two-Pyramid" policy; it is the fact that though the lives and destinies of some six million Africans are involved, no African has yet been consulted. "What part is the indigenous African population expected to play in this Plan?" the Gold Coast leader asks. "It will become a second South Africa."

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